Other newspapers raged, and from the Government came an indignant repudiation of what had been suggested. Such a solution would never be countenanced; wicked to make it, laughable, that it should ever have been seriously entertained.

There would be a plan—Plan Number Five, Six, Seven, Eight; but a plan. That was certain.

Concessions proposed and envisaged were fuel thrown on to a fire, whose flames leapt up each time it was replenished; Hitler's demands, like Othello's jealousy, grew by what they fed on, until the appalling possibility arose that what *The Times* had proposed, what would never, never be conceded—even that might not satisfy him. A partial French mobilisation was announced, and war seemed imminent. Each successive crisis approached nearer it—like a seducer whose advances are repulsed with dwindling resolution; each time they are attempted, greater liberties allowed before restraint is imposed. From being infinitely remote, war had become conceivable, possible, probable, and now almost certain.

To prevent it, Mr. Chamberlain decided that, like Chancellor Schuschnigg before him, and many another after him, he would go to Berchtesgaden, flying there because of the urgency of the situation. When his intention was announced, a great sigh of relief was heard; since the National Government was formed, no such heartfelt thankfulness had been felt and expressed. Thank God for him, too; like MacDonald, he had greatly dared, not only taking his political life in his hands, but, to the extent that air travel was dangerous, and to him unfamiliar, his physical life

as well. A bomber carried him to Germany, depositing him there, first of a number of such innocuous cargoes, both human and paper, thus to be deposited. Journalists expatiated upon the imaginativeness and heroism of his enterprise; politicians voiced the pride they felt that England in her hour of need should not lack another Chatham, or at any rate a Pitt; and in a club a voice, not wholly sober, was heard recalling Trafalgar as the nearest historical parallel to the present occasion.

At Berchtesgaden warm handclasps were exchanged, long